No More Lies

(Rumbling noises of a spaceship. TARDIS materialisation. Its door opens.)
LUCIE MILLER: It worked, Doctor. Didn't I tell you it'd work? Right. Where's Zimmerman?
(Starting to rush off.)
THE DOCTOR: I hate it when you're right. Be careful.
(LUCIE MILLER's voice further away.)
LUCIE MILLER: Come on, keep up, pretty boy!
(Noises of spaceship continue.)

(Bleeps.)
THE DOCTOR: (monitor) Lucie, slow down.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Ah! There you are, Doctor.
(Electronic alarm.)
NICK ZIMMERMAN: What the blazes?
(Sounds of creatures on his monitor.)
NICK ZIMMERMAN: The Tar-Modowk must be hungrier than I bargained for.
(Ship rumbling noises. A metal door forced open, walking on metal floor. Growling alien voice)
TAR-MODOWK LEADER: This way, my brothers. I can smell Time.
(Running on metal.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh no, the Tar-Modowk have breached the hull. They're inside. Lucie...
LUCIE MILLER: (faint cry) No!
THE DOCTOR: Lucie!
(Ship rumbling noises. Walking on metal.)
THE DOCTOR: Zimmerman must have found a way to activate the ship's temporal systems. The Tar-Modowk are heading for it like moths to a flame.
LUCIE MILLER: Which way?
THE DOCTOR: Which way? How do *I* know which way? You're the one careering around trying to get your backside blown off.
LUCIE MILLER: You're always looking at my bum, you.
THE DOCTOR: What? I'm not...
LUCIE MILLER: Right then, this way!
THE DOCTOR: Wait, wait, wait! Lucie, I'm serious. Zimmerman's going to try a time jump to steal this ship, but with the Tar-Modowk attacking, the entire thing could depressurise at any moment.
LUCIE MILLER: All the more reason to find him quickly!
THE DOCTOR: Will you just wait.
(Running.)

(Piano jaunty tune, garden party noises of chat, laughter, glasses chink, man laughing. Away from the main sounds of the party)
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: There you are. Gordon, this is a party. What are you doing sitting outside the family mausoleum?
GORDON DAVIDSON: Oh, thinking about Dad, death - oh, I don't know. I'm not shirking my responsibilities, Rachel, don't worry. The grounds are tight as a drum.
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: I don't doubt it. Now, cheer up. Come on, come and dance.
GORDON DAVIDSON: Is that supposed to be funny.
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: You know what I mean. Pick up thy walking-stick, little brother, and thy plastic hip and enjoy thyself.
GORDON DAVIDSON: Oh, for pity's sake, Rachel, this is supposed to be...
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: This is supposed to be my party, and if you don't start enjoying yourself I'll dunk you in the fountain and leave you hanging from the mausoleum to drip dry.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: (off) Rachel?
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: Right, there's Nick. You stay here then, grumpy guts.
(Walking off.)
GORDON DAVIDSON: Rachel don't ... Oh. Why do I always do that.

(Walking on gravel.)
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: Sweetheart.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: There you are. Mmm.

(They kiss.)
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: Sorry, darling. Look, see if you can sort out that miserable brother of mine, can you? He listens to you.
GORDON DAVIDSON: (distant) I can hear you, you know.
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: And keep him talking while I dig out one of the target pistols and shoot him in the other blasted hip.
GORDON DAVIDSON: (distant) Charming.
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: But don't be too hard on him, eh? Doing the security for a day has given him back some self-respect. It's not the same.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Okay, my love. We'll catch up with you in a moment.
(Walking over.)
GORDON DAVIDSON: I said I heard all that.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Listen, Gordon, we're all dealing with this in our own way.
GORDON DAVIDSON: Dealing with what?
NICK ZIMMERMAN: You know exactly what I'm talking about. Just try to stop being such an idiot.
GORDON DAVIDSON: I'm just tired. Everyone's tired. Physiotherapy didn't go well today, that's all.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Gordon, I love you like a brother-in-law...
GORDON DAVIDSON: I *am* your brother-in-law!
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Well ... There you go, then.
GORDON DAVIDSON: It's just so...
NICK ZIMMERMAN: I know, Gordon. I know.
GORDON DAVIDSON: Right, then. Best bullet-shattered hip joint forward.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: That's the spirit.
(Walking off.)

(Metallic thumps. Running on metal.)
THE DOCTOR: I truly wonder sometimes what it is that I've come to like about you, Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: I told you - me bum.
THE DOCTOR: Will you stop obsessing about your...

THE DOCTOR: (monitor) ... gluteus maximus.
LUCIE MILLER: (monitor) You love it. You know you do.
(Electronic alarm.)
NICK ZIMMERMAN: I've got you, Doctor.
(Electronic bleeps of operating controls on a control panel. The noise changes.

(Shuddering vibration. THE DOCTOR gasps.)
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor...
THE DOCTOR: I'm all right. Now, run!
(Running off.)
LUCIE MILLER: Man, I am so gonna get this creep!
THE DOCTOR: You know, I almost feel sorry for you, Zimmerman.

(Gentle sounds of garden party. Walking then stopping.)
GORDON DAVIDSON: Nick. What is it?
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Oh, nothing, nothing. You were right. Everyone's just so tired, even me, it seems.
GORDON DAVIDSON: Well, if you fall apart, we've all had it. Look, what is it you always say? If there's no way of getting round something, you've just got to plough straight through it.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Yeah. Look Gordon, why don't we ... Erm...
GORDON DAVIDSON: What?
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Er, nothing ... I was just going to suggest that the three of us go for a quiet drive out to the Chairmaker's Arms tomorrow afternoon ... to just calm down. I said that earlier, didn't I?
GORDON DAVIDSON: Not to me you didn't.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Are you sure? But I - I could have sworn...
GORDON DAVIDSON: Well, you must have mentioned it to Rachel.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Oh yes. That must be it.

(Walking off.)
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Mrs Jenson. How lovely of you to come.

THE DOCTOR: (monitor) I know you can hear me, Zimmerman. You have to stop this.
(NICK ZIMMERMAN laughs.)
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Now, where's your little friend got to?
(Running on metal.)
LUCIE MILLER: Give it up, Zimmerman. Hey. Nice space-suit. Not your colour, though.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Ah. There you are. How nice to see you again!
(Thump. LUCIE MILLER cry, fizzing of electricity. LUCIE MILLER laughs.)
LUCIE MILLER: Think again, cowboy. Your famous time whip doesn't have much effect on me. The Doctor said. I'm not a full-blown time-sensitive, remember? I just travel with one, don't I?
(Walking.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. My, my. What have we here, then?
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Keep away from that!
LUCIE MILLER: Ah! Thought it looked important. Hatch to an escape pod, I suppose. Right, then. Give it up, or I push every blinking button on this panel...
NICK ZIMMERMAN: No! Don't touch anything. I'll ... What do you want?
(Running on metal, approaching.)
LUCIE MILLER: Well, I could murder some chips and gravy.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, are you okay?
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, stay back he's got a...
(Thump of the time whip. THE DOCTOR gasps, electrical fizzing.)
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor!
(Body falling.)
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, get up!
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Now, step away from the launch control, Lucie, or I'll send enough raw temporal energy into your friend to erase him from existence.
(Moving back.)
LUCIE MILLER: Okay, okay, I'm moving. Look, this is me, moving.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: You have no idea, little girl, just how rare this time technology is.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. So you're a collector. And here's us thinking you were stealing it to sell as a weapon to the highest bidder.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Don't push your luck.
(THE DOCTOR recovers.)
THE DOCTOR: Whoever buys it will use it to kill billions of people, you know that, Zimmerman.
(Fizzing. THE DOCTOR gasps.)
NICK ZIMMERMAN: You're a clever one, Doctor. You know more about this dead Megbanya race than I do. You tricked those navigators I'd hired into taking my ship and leaving.
(Bleeps of tapping onto a control panel.)
NICK ZIMMERMAN: You even managed to get your TARDIS through the temporal current I bled into the bulkhead doors.
LUCIE MILLER: Actually, that was down to me, that was.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Mm?
LUCIE MILLER: Current reminded me of water, and you can dam water, so ... Bob's your Auntie Fanny. He did all the techie bits, though. My idea...
NICK ZIMMERMAN: It hardly matters. I've done what I came to do. I've got everything I wanted.
(Bleeps of control panel tapping.)
LUCIE MILLER: So ... you're just going to get into your pod and leave us to die when this ship depressurises?
THE DOCTOR: Desperation can lead a person to do anything, Lucie. And our Doctor Zimmerman here looks like a pretty desperate man to me, don't you think?
NICK ZIMMERMAN: You've lost, Doctor!
THE DOCTOR: Not to mention the Tar-Modowk. You do know what those beings are, don't you, Zimmerman?
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Of course I know what they are. I've boosted the temporal spillage to attract them here.
LUCIE MILLER: But they're destroying the ship, and your rare time technology with it.
THE DOCTOR: Of course. I see what he's doing now. Remove the Megbanya temporal systems, splice them into an escape pod and activate it to get away. Then let the Tar-Modowk

devour the evidence that the rest of the ship ever existed in the first place. The perfect way to cover his tracks. You know, Zimmerman, that's really rather impressive.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: I know. Now, if you'll both just excuse me...
LUCIE MILLER: Zimmerman? If you leave in that pod you'll be murdering us, plain and simple.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Well, it's like I always say. If there's no way of getting round something, you've just got to plough straight through it.
(Door opens.)
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Goodbye, Doctor, Lucie.
THE DOCTOR: Zimmerman!
(Power dies down. Electronic alarm sound.)
THE DOCTOR: He's draining the last of the ship's power into the pod. Lucie...
(Running off.)
LUCIE MILLER: Way ahead of you!
THE DOCTOR: Don't wait for me.
(Roar of engines, TARDIS dematerialisation. Alarm sound continues.)

(Garden party music. Walking over.)
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: I couldn't find the gun. I'll just have to use irony instead.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: There she is.
GORDON DAVIDSON: Don't worry. All under control now.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: If you'll just excuse me for a second.
GORDON DAVIDSON: Sorry, sis.
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: God... it's okay.
GORDON DAVIDSON: Sorry.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: (microphone) Hello, hello? Is this thing on?
(Microphone feedback.)
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Ah ... yes.
(Man laughs. Gentle applause.)
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Well, erm...
(More applause.)
NICK ZIMMERMAN: (microphone) Yes, thank you, thank you. Very quickly, thank you all for coming. You know how much it means to us - well, to Rachel and me, so ... I won't go through all that again.
(Gentle groans/laughs.)
NICK ZIMMERMAN: (microphone) This evening is for Rachel, to welcome her back to us.
WOMAN: Hooray!
NICK ZIMMERMAN: (microphone) Because ... we're all so ... very lost without her.
(Gentle applause.)
NICK ZIMMERMAN: (microphone) As I ... indeed I literally was when we met thirty odd years ago in the maze at the bottom of the hill there.
(Some laughter.)
NICK ZIMMERMAN: (microphone) So then, I wonder how we can make her repay us for this mighty show of affection. Well, you know, I think the only think that will do it ... is a song.
(Laughs, cheers.)
NICK ZIMMERMAN: (microphone) Rachel?
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: I knew he'd do something like this.
GORDON DAVIDSON: I'll hold your drink.
(Applause.)

(Running on metal. Stopping.)
THE DOCTOR: Why have you stopped? Oh.
(Walking of large creature on metal. Sniffing.)
TAR-MODOWK LEADER: You are a time traveller.
LUCIE MILLER: Let me guess. This hulking great thing is a Tar-Modowk.
THE DOCTOR: Don't let it touch you.
TAR-MODOWK LEADER: Why are you destroying this ship?
LUCIE MILLER: We rather thought that was down to you, matey.
(Sudden movement of ship.)
THE DOCTOR: Zimmerman's escaped into the vortex. Now there's nothing holding this ship together.

TAR-MODOWK LEADER: I must find the one who is doing this.
(Rushing off.)
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, quick. Into the TARDIS.
(TARDIS dematerialisation. Rushing back.)
TAR-MODOWK LEADER: No! It is ours!
(TAR-MODOWK LEADER grunts. Build up of power. The voice echoes.)

(Clapping, laughter.)
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: What on earth shall I sing?
NICK ZIMMERMAN: How about, You are My Sunshine, just for me?
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: No. I know.
(Microphone feedback.)
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: (microphone) Well ... A funny thing happened on the way to the garden party...
(Gentle laughter.)

(Inside TARDIS control room.)
LUCIE MILLER: Are we there yet?
THE DOCTOR: Chasing a lash-up time machine through the vortex isn't exactly simple, you know.
LUCIE MILLER: Why didn't that Tar-Modowk kill us?
THE DOCTOR: It could have done, easily. They absorb Time, feed on it, like flowers absorb sunlight.
LUCIE MILLER: Photosynthesis?
THE DOCTOR: Chronosynthesis. But it was drawn to the temporal back-wash from Zimmerman's dematerialisation. Much more tasty than the chronon nuclei in me. At least I *assume* that's why. It did seem rather angry about something, didn't it?
LUCIE MILLER: Well, they've all copped it now. And the Megbanya ship.
THE DOCTOR: The ship, yes. But the Tar-Modowk live in the Vortex.
(TARDIS console repeated bleeping sound briefly.)
THE DOCTOR: They'll just be flung back into it now that the time disturbance has gone. Now shush, will you?
LUCIE MILLER: Well, it's your fault. I had everything under control back there until you came poncing in.
THE DOCTOR: Just focus the scanner, please. Poncing indeed.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, Doctor. I think we've reached the end of the line. That's Earth.
THE DOCTOR: Turn the sound up.
(Sound of TAR-MODOWK as heard on a speaker and bird-like sounds.)
LUCIE MILLER: Tar-Modowk.
THE DOCTOR: And their Vortisaurs. There's hundreds of them.
LUCIE MILLER: Well, they couldn't have got here before us, could they, waiting to ambush us?
THE DOCTOR: This is the Time Vortex, remember? Before and after are all relative. But no, I don't think it's us they're after. Something else has attracted them. See how they all seem to be attacking one particular spot, trying to get through into real space. Now, that's an interesting thing, don't you think?
(Multiple tapping from outside and peal of Cloister Bell - TARDIS warning sound of impending danger.)
LUCIE MILLER: They seem to have become interested in us after all.

RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: So then, here's a chance for you all to brush up on your Hungarian.
(Some laughter and groans.)
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: Those of you who have made the intermittent attempts to learn my mother tongue at least. Seriously though, your efforts filled a gap, because we had no children to inflict it upon.
(Some laughter.)
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: So, thank you.
(Some applause.)
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: (Sings a traditional Hungarian love poem, set to the tune of Bucimeana. Phonetically: Tee zem keh-ah, tees-ah-mar ohm, tee zem yerge. Hat teh peeros vana klee sem lo-van-mer. Mer-ee-tre jit sere too moh cam. Mer, ker dezem seretim men ego

zom.)

(Bird screeches outside.)

(Cloister Bell tolls in the TARDIS control room along with endless tapping from outside.)
LUCIE MILLER: That doesn't sound good, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: I suppose I could send a pulse through the TARDIS's outer shell. Sound vibrations disorientate them, it should shake them off.
(Loud tapping continues.)
LUCIE MILLER: Whatever you do, you'd better do it quickly or they'll tear the TARDIS to shreds.
THE DOCTOR: Done it. We'll have to materialise before they break through the force-field.
LUCIE MILLER: Where?
THE DOCTOR: Exactly where Zimmerman landed. Type in the co-ordinates.
LUCIE MILLER: What? How?
THE DOCTOR: Just copy them from that panel.
(Bleeps as typing in.)
THE DOCTOR: I need to hold the force-field stabilisers.
(Electronic signal from console.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, Doctor, there's something wrong with these co-ordinates. It says, temporal recurrence warning.
THE DOCTOR: Just do it!
LUCIE MILLER: Okay, okay. Back-seat drivers.

RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: (singing in Hungarian - Phonetically: Lan ver shegem okat sunya woka seh-rep. Helta hem gemha shay mire rallo-ees.)
(She continues in English.)
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: (singing) Mother will you tell me...
(Inside TARDIS control room, able to hear the singing as though looking at the scanner.)
LUCIE MILLER: Seems normal enough.
THE DOCTOR: I can't see Zimmerman's pod.
LUCIE MILLER: No, but I can see Zimmerman. There. Oh - he must be at least thirty years older.
THE DOCTOR: We've arrived decades too late. There's no telling what he could have got up to in that time.
LUCIE MILLER: Called his old friends the Tar-Modowk for a start.
THE DOCTOR: So it would seem. But at least they're still in the vortex.
LUCIE MILLER: Then let's get out there and do him!
(LUCIE MILLER walking off.)
THE DOCTOR: Lucie!
(Door opened.)

(RACHEL ZIMMERMAN singing in the background. Walking.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Nice quiet parking spot, neatly hidden behind topiary. Well done, me.
(Door closed.)
THE DOCTOR: Let's just try and be unobtrusive, shall we?
LUCIE MILLER: All right, all right, but if I see him again I'll have him, I'm telling yer.
THE DOCTOR: There's something not quite right here. Can you smell kippers?
LUCIE MILLER: (distant) Oh, come on if you're coming.

(Walking of Tar-Modowk.)
TAR-MODOWK LEADER: It is here, somewhere.
(Sniffs.)
TAR-MODOWK LEADER: We will have what is ours.
(Vortisaur screech.)
TAR-MODOWK: The leader has made it through the barrier on the time ship. The bridge has been achieved!
TAR-MODOWK LEADER: I feel it too. An interstice between us and the Earth. It will widen, and we will have what is ours.

RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: (singing.) [Phonetically sounds like: Re-e-di yeh, eh-eh-ehno regit

seretu mutan. Me-e-kerdzem, serechem med, ego zam.]
(Song concludes, applause.)
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: Thank you. Thank you, everyone.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Sweetheart, that was beautiful. Mm...
(Kissing.)
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: It's quite taken it out of me. Would it be rude if I went and had a little lie-down, do you think?
NICK ZIMMERMAN: No, not at all. I'll take you up to the house.
(Walking off.)

(Walking on gravel.)
LUCIE MILLER: Mm, this is all a bit posh. Marquees, live music, waiters and waitresses.
THE DOCTOR: And I think we can guess how Zimmerman paid for it. I suggest we mingle with the guests and look invited.
GORDON DAVIDSON: The tennis courts are down there behind the trees, Peter.
LUCIE MILLER: Well, here's your chance. Go mingle.
(Walking over.)
GORDON DAVIDSON: Excuse me Miss, sir, I wonder if you wouldn't mind showing me your invitations.
THE DOCTOR: So much for that, then.
LUCIE MILLER: And why should we show them to you, mush?
THE DOCTOR: Do forgive Eliza Dolittle here. What she means to say is that she's Lucie and I'm her friend the Doctor.
GORDON DAVIDSON: Gordon Davidson. I'm responsible for security this evening, so, er, if I might just, er...
LUCIE MILLER: You all right there, Gordon? You look like someone's just thrown a bucket of cold water over you.
GORDON DAVIDSON: Well, it's stupid really, but ... meeting you, Miss, I feel like, well ... well, like it's the first time in years something new has happened to me, something unexpected.
LUCIE MILLER: If you're trying to chat me up, forget it. You're old enough to be me grand-dad.
GORDON DAVIDSON: What? No, no. No, of course not. I merely…
THE DOCTOR: Wait a minute. You feel you've done everything tonight a million times over, is that it?
GORDON DAVIDSON: Well ... yes. That's just déjà vu, isn't it?
THE DOCTOR: Déjà vu. Of course, you silly Doctor. Lucie, what was that you said about the co-ordinates before we landed?
LUCIE MILLER: Er, there was a bulb flashing over a plaque saying temporal recurrence warning. Why? What does it mean?
THE DOCTOR: It means you've materialised us inside a time loop.

(Door opened and closed. Walking in.)
NICK ZIMMERMAN: I'll turn the covers back.
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: No, it's okay. I'll just lie on the duvet for a bit.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Then I'll sit with you. Just let me take your shoes off.
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: (sigh.) That's better. No darling, you go back downstairs.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Just until you fall asleep, sweetheart.
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: Mm.

LUCIE MILLER: *I've* just materialised us inside a...?
THE DOCTOR: Shh. I need to think. Why time loop a garden party? Gordon, I need to speak to Doctor Zimmerman. Vitally important.
GORDON DAVIDSON: I don't think he'd want to be disturbed at the minute.
THE DOCTOR: It's a security question, Gordon. You've appraised us wonderfully of the situation and now we can do something about it. But I think Doctor Zimmerman should be informed, don't you?
GORDON DAVIDSON: Well ... yes, I suppose so. If you'd both just be so good as to stay here...
(Walking off.)
THE DOCTOR: Won't move a muscle.
LUCIE MILLER: Doesn't it ever bother you the way you manipulate people like that?
THE DOCTOR: Yes. Now, what do we know about what's going on here?

LUCIE MILLER: Nothing.
THE DOCTOR: Okay, what do we *think* is going on here?
LUCIE MILLER: Zimmerman messed up the time-pod thingy? It shot him here and he's trapped himself in a loop.
THE DOCTOR: Mm, but he's cleverer than that. And anyway, look at him. He escaped from us at least thirty years ago by his own time-line.
LUCIE MILLER: Maybe it aged him, or something.
THE DOCTOR: Perhaps, perhaps, but he's settled. This looks like his home. It's his party. No, he's been here for years.
LUCIE MILLER: Trapped in the loop, you mean?
THE DOCTOR: No, I meant he's been in the *house* for years.
LUCIE MILLER: But couldn't the time loop have been set up thirty years ago?
THE DOCTOR: No, you see, he wouldn't age inside the loop. Wait a minute. What if he *was* trapped inside it? At this age, and then it just ran and ran over and over. A circular occurrence like that could have existed for ... millennia.
LUCIE MILLER: So - what, Zimmerman finds himself here, decides to destroy the planet, spends thirty years trying to call the Tar-Modowk again, messes it up and traps himself in a time loop?
THE DOCTOR: I repeat, he's too clever for that.
LUCIE MILLER: Well, if he's so clever why doesn't he get himself out of it?
THE DOCTOR: Because, he doesn't necessarily know he's in it. You saw how Gordon reacted to us, to the stimulus of something new? It only triggered the briefest of realisations that something wasn't right.
LUCIE MILLER: Okay. So they don't know they're in the loop, and Zimmerman is too smart a bunny to have thrown the cock-things-up switch himself, then, clever clogs, who set up the loop?

(Two tennis players, TENNIS PLAYER 1 is male, TENNIS PLAYER 2 is female.)
TENNIS PLAYER 1: Right, you cheating swine, which end do you fancy?
TENNIS PLAYER 2: All the same to me, Peter, I can win from either.
(Rustling.)
TENNIS PLAYER 1: What the hell is that?
(Grunts of TAR-MODOWK LEADER.)
TENNIS PLAYER 2: Oh my God!
(Crashing.)
TAR-MODOWK LEADER: Where is it? Time is still here. The way is not clear. Where is it?
TENNIS PLAYER 1: Oh, I - I - I don't...
TAR-MODOWK LEADER: You know nothing. Give me your Time.
TENNIS PLAYER 2: Peter!
(Sizzling, he screams. Walking forwards.)
TAR-MODOWK LEADER: Give me your Time.
TENNIS PLAYER 2: No ... Please...
(TENNIS PLAYER 2 cries out, sizzling, screams.)

(Walking, door opened.)
GORDON DAVIDSON: How is she?
NICK ZIMMERMAN: She's just dropped off.
(Door closed.)
NICK ZIMMERMAN: I'll leave her for half an hour.
GORDON DAVIDSON: There's a man and a girl downstairs. They'd like to talk to you urgently.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Who are they?
GORDON DAVIDSON: I ... don't know. They're not guests.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: That's ... strange. Well, I suppose we'd better see what this mysterious couple want.

(Gentle music playing in the background. Guests laughing. Thunder.)
MAN: There's going to be a downpour.
LUCIE MILLER: It's going to chuck it down in a minute.
THE DOCTOR: Perhaps the first question we have to ask is not who set up the loop, but why it exists in the first place.

LUCIE MILLER: That's a bit chicken and egg, isn't it?
THE DOCTOR: Well, what would *you* suggest we concentrate on?
LUCIE MILLER: The Tar-Modowk. We're down here talking rubbish about fruit loops, and they're up there trying to break in. Hey - maybe the loop's what's attracting them.
THE DOCTOR: What?
LUCIE MILLER: No, you're right. Stupid suggestion, forget it.
THE DOCTOR Not at all. You might be onto something. They're always attracted by time anomalies, but there does seem to be something different about this. Never mind, here comes Gordon with Zimmerman. Now perhaps it would be a good idea if we split up. I'll talk to him, you go into the house, try to find a study or something, a diary, anything like that.
LUCIE MILLER: Sounds like a plan, but watch him. You said yourself he's dangerous.
(Walking off.)
THE DOCTOR: Doctor Zimmerman. How nice to see you again. Surprised to see me? I don't see why, it can't be more than, what? Ten minutes since we last saw each other.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Gordon, would you erm, would you just give us a moment, please.
GORDON DAVIDSON: Okay, Nick.
THE DOCTOR: Although it's evidently been rather longer for you, hasn't it?
NICK ZIMMERMAN: (laugh) I always knew you'd turn up one day, Doctor. How are you?
THE DOCTOR: How am I? Still alive, thank you, despite your best efforts on the Megbanya time-ship.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Please, Doctor, I don't want any trouble. Perhaps we can just sit down and talk.
THE DOCTOR: Well, I certainly have a few things to tell *you*.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: We have a summer House down by the stream.
THE DOCTOR: Lead the way.
(Walking off.)

(Walking, door opened.)
LUCIE MILLER: Another bedroom. What a surprise.
(Door closed again.)
LUCIE MILLER: I'm getting nowhere here.
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: (off) Nick? Is that you, Nick?
LUCIE MILLER: Then again.
(Walking. Door opens.)
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: Hello.
LUCIE MILLER: Sorry. I was looking for the, erm...
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: This place is a maze, isn't it? I told Nick we should move to the town-house now that we're ... getting on. Just on the landing, dear, in the corner.
LUCIE MILLER: What?
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: The "um", the ... facilities.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. No, actually I was looking for ... Oh, I suppose I was looking for you, really.
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: Has Nick sent you up to check on me? Come in, dear, close the door.
(Door closed.)
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: You're one of the caterers, aren't you?
LUCIE MILLER: No, I'm Lucie. I'm a friend of ... well, I know Doctor Zimmerman.
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: Oh, surely not.
LUCIE MILLER: Excuse me?
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: You're about to tell me that you're having an affair with my husband, aren't you? That you can't live without him and that he feels the same about you but simply can't bring himself to leave me.
LUCIE MILLER: No! (Laugh.) Good God, no.
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: (laugh) It's okay, dear. I'm only joking. Lucie, did you say?
LUCIE MILLER: Mm.
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: I'm sorry, Lucie, but in my experience there are only two reasons for looking as nervous as you do. And seeing as you're not about to break my heart, you must be here to purloin my worldly goods.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, that's nice, that is. I've got a Northern accent so I must be about to do you over.
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: There's nothing wrong with your accent, dear, but you're not on the guest list, are you? And you are creeping about rather.

(She gasps in pain.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh - are you okay? I'll go and get the Doctor.
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: No, no. I'm all right. He hasn't called a doctor, has he? I did ask him not to.
LUCIE MILLER: I mean my friend the Doctor. That's his name. He can help.
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: The Doctor? Oh, so you're *that* Lucie.

(Walking over.)
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Please, Doctor, take a seat.
THE DOCTOR: I'm supposed to believe you've turned over a new leaf, am I?
NICK ZIMMERMAN: To be honest, Doctor, I have no idea what either you or I should believe, or do. This is all so sudden.
THE DOCTOR: Not for me.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: So it seems. Problems steering the TARDIS?
THE DOCTOR: Well, it would have been a great deal easier if the vortex wasn't swarming with Tar-Modowk and Vortisaurs.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: You know, I can't have thought of the Tar-Modowk for ... nearly thirty years now.
THE DOCTOR: You're telling me you haven't got anything to do with their being here?
NICK ZIMMERMAN: I don't know anything about it, Doctor. You know what, it's actually good to see you, my old friend.
THE DOCTOR: We'll just forget about the time whip then, shall we?
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Yes, I expect that did hurt. I'm sorry.
THE DOCTOR: All this wealth. Which race showed up one day with an offer you couldn't refuse?
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Actually all this is my wife's. The Megbanya time technology was all but useless after I crashed here. I was barely able to extract myself from the pod's wreckage, let alone the device. As for summoning the Tar-Modowk, then I'm afraid you're wrong again. If they're here, then it wasn't I who called them.

(Thunder. Walking, grunting.)
TAR-MODOWK LEADER: It is here.
(Sniffs.)
TAR-MODOWK LEADER: This monument to the dead. It is inside!
(Grunting while moving heavy stone.)

LUCIE MILLER: It's unbelievable.
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: What is? That he told me or that I accepted it?
LUCIE MILLER: That you married him knowing he's an alien.
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: Oh, he'd love to hear you say that. No, it was your ordinary story, really. I was out walking in the lane one day and Nick stumbled out of the hedgerow. He was in a bit of a state.
LUCIE MILLER: I'm not surprised. The Doctor said his pod thing was a bit of a lash-up.
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: It crashed in the woods, practically buried itself. We put Nick up at my father's pub in the next village and he just sort of ... stayed.
LUCIE MILLER: Then you two got it together and moved into this place? Lovely.
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: No, it was all woodland then. We bought the land and had this house built once my real estate company took off.
(RACHEL ZIMMERMAN gasps.)
LUCIE MILLER: Are you okay?
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: Would you mind just opening the drawer and ... getting me two of my pills.
(Drawer opened.)
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: Tho - those are the ones.
(Swallowing.)
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: Thank you, dear. You know, you don't look to me like the type of girl who's usually lost for words.
LUCIE MILLER: You do know what he did to us, don't yer?
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: Yes, I do.
LUCIE MILLER: And I suppose you're just going to say that you love him. I expect he's really

nice if you get to know him.
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: He's proved things to me. I don't just mean about his time machine and who he is. Well, perhaps I do mean who he is, the man he's become. Do you know, Lucie, what the strongest human emotion is?
LUCIE MILLER: This is where you tell me it's love, right?
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: Guilt. Guilt can turn a person inside out.

(Thunder rumbling in the background.)
NICK ZIMMERMAN: I'm only human, Doctor, if you'll pardon the expression. I've become human. For God's sake, I've even cheated on my wife. I'm not proud of it, but surely it proves that I'm human, that I'm no more evil than anyone else on this planet. Rachel forgave me, incidentally. Do you know what it is to be forgiven, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Yes, I know what it is to be forgiven.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Really? But it's not enough to be forgiven. You have to learn to forgive yourself, otherwise forgiveness is meaningless. I've forgiven myself for cheating on my wife, and I've forgiven myself for what I did on that time-ship. Have you forgiven yourself, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Why do I feel you're about to give me a leaflet?
NICK ZIMMERMAN: (chuckle) I suddenly feel that we've missed so many years of friendship, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Perhaps more years than you know. You're trapped, Zimmerman. Someone has trapped you here. Lucie worked it out.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Trapped? Nonsense. Where is that delightful Lucie?
THE DOCTOR: In the house, I expect.
(Standing up.)
NICK ZIMMERMAN: I don't want Rachel disturbed. She's not well. Gordon? I think I'd feel better if your young companion was here, where I can see her.
THE DOCTOR: Listen, Zimmerman, if you didn't call the Tar-Modowk here, then something else is drawing them. A time loop.
(Raining.)
NICK ZIMMERMAN: A time loop?
THE DOCTOR: Yes. You can feel it, can't you, sometimes. Sometimes you get that flicker of having done all this before.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: And what's your explanation?
THE DOCTOR: A Time Agent has tracked you down at some point in the past, and imprisoned you in this bubble. Maybe I do it myself, in my own future, who knows?
(Walking over.)
GORDON DAVIDSON: Nick, is anything wrong?
NICK ZIMMERMAN: A moment, Gordon. Go on, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: But the loop has been playing for too long, Zimmerman. That much repeated and concentrated temporal engineering, it's eroding the barrier between reality and the Vortex, and it's going to let the Tar-Modowk in. I can't allow that to happen. I have to break it.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: How are you going to manage that?
THE DOCTOR: Every time loop has a focal point, something that creates the energy and limits the temporal horizon. I destroy that, the loop dissolves, the Tar-Modowk lose the scent, and the barrier can start to heal itself.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: No.
THE DOCTOR: What do you mean, no?
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Doctor, give me your sonic screwdriver.
THE DOCTOR: Not a chance. Without the sonic screwdriver I can't trace the focus.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Doctor, if you don't hand it over I shall be forced to kill you right here, right now. Then I shall find Lucie and kill her too, only more slowly and with infinitely more attention to detail.
GORDON DAVIDSON: Nick, this is insane.
THE DOCTOR: Very well. Here.
(Passed over to him.)
THE DOCTOR: You're making a mistake, Zimmerman. There's no need for all these threats.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: You have no idea what it is I need to do, Doctor. Gordon, this man and his girlfriend have come here to kill Rachel.
GORDON DAVIDSON: What!
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Keep him here and watch him, he's dangerous.

(Walking off.)
NICK ZIMMERMAN: I'm going to find that accomplice of his.
THE DOCTOR: Zimmerman, if you harm Lu...
(Punch. THE DOCTOR gasps.)
GORDON DAVIDSON: Shut it, you. I was eighteen years in the C.I.D., through the ranks to Inspector. I may be hobbling along on this stick, but I could break your arm with it sooner than look at you.

(Rain sounds.)
LUCIE MILLER: It's lashing it down out there.
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: So you and the Doctor are here to make Nick pay for his crimes?
LUCIE MILLER: That's about the size of it. But I think someone got here before us.
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: What do you mean?
LUCIE MILLER: That's no ordinary storm.

(TAR-MODOWK LEADER grunts.)
TAR-MODOWK LEADER: At last. I feel it.
TAR-MODOWK: It opens. It opens.
TAR-MODOWK LEADER: Then let us finally end this hunt.
(Sound of many bird-like creatures - Vortisaurs.)

(Door closed.)
NICK ZIMMERMAN: You're forcing my hand, Doctor. You made me remember. You made me remember.
(Turning combination lock then opening safe, fizzing of time whip.)
NICK ZIMMERMAN: And now we both have to pay the price.

THE DOCTOR: Gordon, be sensible. Why would I want to harm Rachel? I've never even met her.
GORDON DAVIDSON: What Nick says is good enough for me.
THE DOCTOR: You know there's something going on here, Gordon.
(Breaking of wood and screeching of Vortisaurs.)
GORDON DAVIDSON: What the hell are they?
THE DOCTOR: Come on, out, out!

NICK ZIMMERMAN: (distant) Rachel? Rachel?
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: Nick?
(Opening door and coming in.)
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: Nick, what on earth's the matter?
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Leave my wife alone, girl. Rachel, get away from her.
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: It's all right, Nick. I know who she is.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. I'm the one who's going to punch your lights out, mate.
(Smashing, gasps. Growling of TAR-MODOWK LEADER and screeching of Vortisaurs.)
LUCIE MILLER: Tar-Modowk! Run!
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: Nick!
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Rachel, I've got you, come on!

(Running into a room, door closed.)
LUCIE MILLER: Okay, Zimmerman, talk. What's going on here?
NICK ZIMMERMAN: I've got it under control.
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: Oh Nick, what have you done?
(Banging at door. RACHEL ZIMMERMAN gasps.)
NICK ZIMMERMAN: This way.
(Running off.)

(Distant screeching.)
GORDON DAVIDSON: Doctor, I just can't...
THE DOCTOR: Gordon here, let me help you. It's all right. But we have to keep moving. I need my sonic screwdriver.
GORDON DAVIDSON: All right? Two damn great things riding pterodactyls are hunting us, and

it's all right?
THE DOCTOR: They're Vortisaurs, not pterodactyls, and they're not coming after *us* . They're searching for the source of the time loop.
GORDON DAVIDSON: Aliens, screwdrivers, time loops. I met plenty of your type when I was in the force. Nutters.
THE DOCTOR: Gordon, do you really believe I am here to kill your sister?
GORDON DAVIDSON: Nick said...
THE DOCTOR: Never mind what Nick said. You are a man of intellect, a seeker of truth. What do you feel? Could Lucie kill anyone?
GORDON DAVIDSON: All I know is what Nick told me.
(TAR-MODOWK LEADER laugh and Vortisaur sound.)
GORDON DAVIDSON: Oh my God!
THE DOCTOR: Don't worry, I'll think of something.
TAR-MODOWK LEADER: Time traveller.
THE DOCTOR: Right, erm...

(Cries of panic by guests over the bird-like sounds of the Vortisaurs. Running.)
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: Where are we going, Nick?
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Don't worry, Rachel, I can stop this. We just have to get to the mausoleum.
LUCIE MILLER: For God's sake, Zimmerman, your wife's ill.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: If you don't shut up...
(Roar of TAR-MODOWK.)
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: And another one. We'll never get past it without being seen.
LUCIE MILLER: Look, Zimmerman, if you know what's going on, just go and fix it. I'll look after Rachel.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: I'm not leaving her.
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: You have to stop this, Nick. Stop this lie, please.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Rachel...
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: No words, just go. Get to the mausoleum. Put an end to it once and for all. Lucie and I will distract this creature and give you time to get past it.
LUCIE MILLER: Like I didn't know that lunatic suggestion was coming.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: I won't leave you.
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: You have to.
(TAR-MODOWK laugh.)
LUCIE MILLER: No, Rachel's right. Get it sorted, Zimmerman. Here we go then. Hey! Ugly chops!
(TAR-MODOWK roar.)
LUCIE MILLER: Over here! I've got you Rachel. Come on.
(Rushing off. TAR-MODOWK roars, screech of Vortisaur.)
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Rachel, I love you, and I'll be back to get you.
(Running off.)

TAR-MODOWK: Leader, we have breached the barrier.
TAR-MODOWK LEADER: The heritage of our people is here, in this stone casket.
TAR-MODOWK: Then we must break it free.
(Grunting by TAR-MODOWK and heavy stone removed.)

THE DOCTOR: Gordon, don't move. Leave this to me.
GORDON DAVIDSON: Happily.
TAR-MODOWK LEADER: Give me your Time.
THE DOCTOR: Okay. Here goes nothing.
(Whistling. Agitated screech of Vortisaur, flapping of wings. Cry of TAR-MODOWK LEADER. Thump of falling. GORDON DAVIDSON laughs.)
GORDON DAVIDSON: How ... how did you know how to do that?
(Screeches of Vortisaurs.)
THE DOCTOR: I kept a Vortisaur as a pet once, in a manner of speaking.
GORDON DAVIDSON: Why doesn't that surprise me.
(Whistling by THE DOCTOR.)
THE DOCTOR: Steady, girl. No, you see, they're not much more than huge flying bloodhounds. Excellent sense of smell, very acute hearing, hence the whistling. The Tar-Modowk have trained

them to hunt time fluctuations. This beauty here can lead us right to the source of the time loop.
GORDON DAVIDSON: What about the Tar ... thing that was riding it?
THE DOCTOR: Looks out for the count to me. Good girl.
(Braying of Vortisaur.)
THE DOCTOR: She needs a name, don't you think? You look like a Margaret. Gordon, doesn't she look like a Margaret?
GORDON DAVIDSON: Oh my God.
(Gentle braying.)
THE DOCTOR: Yeah, she likes it, you see? Come on, I'll give you a leg up. The saddle should hold two.
GORDON DAVIDSON: What?
THE DOCTOR: You want to save the planet, don't you? Solve the crime, make things right?
GORDON DAVIDSON: Yes, but I hadn't envisaged doing it from the back of a giant prehistoric time bat called Margaret.
(Walking over to go onto the Vortisaur.)
THE DOCTOR: A mere detail. Right, come on. Come on, Margaret. Find that lovely time focus for me. Find it.
(Wings flapping.)
THE DOCTOR: Hold tight.
(THE DOCTOR/GORDON DAVIDSON cry.)
GORDON DAVIDSON: This can't be sensible.
THE DOCTOR: Up, up and away!

(Running up.)
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: Lucie, I'm sorry. I'm not ... really...
LUCIE MILLER: What's it waiting for?
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: I think it's enjoying itself. The kill at the end of the hunt.
LUCIE MILLER: Well, it won't enjoy this.
(Feedback whine of microphone.)
LUCIE MILLER: Let's get this party started.
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: Please tell me you don't want me to sing to it.
LUCIE MILLER: I used to hang around with my Auntie Pat, who was a bit of a rock chick. She taught me a couple of things.
(TAR-MODOWK laugh.)
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: Lucie, it's coming.
LUCIE MILLER: I learnt how to set up some really vicious feedback loops. And the Doctor said these things don't get off on sound and vibration and stuff.
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: Lucie, whatever it is, do it now.
LUCIE MILLER: Cover your ears. Let's take this to eleven, you timey tin freak!
(Whine. TAR-MODOWK roar, Vortisaur screech.)

TAR-MODOWK LEADER: Behold, my brothers. We have our legacy. The heart of the last Megbanya time vessel.
(Thump and fizz as though time whip used.)
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Get away from that, you filth.

(Flapping of wings.)
GORDON DAVIDSON: But Doctor, this is ridiculous. The sky's thick with these things. How did they break through your precious time loop?
THE DOCTOR: One of them must have attached itself to the shell of the TARDIS, my time ship. Its presence here has bolstered the entropic activity of the time loop.
GORDON DAVIDSON: In other words they had a man on the inside.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, Gordon. What's that building they're all headed for?
GORDON DAVIDSON: The mausoleum. Whoah!
(Vortisaur screech. GORDON DAVIDSON and THE DOCTOR unsteady cry.)
THE DOCTOR: Hang on. I think we're landing...

(Vortisaur screeches. TAR-MODOWK LEADER cry out, thumps, smash. Feedback stops.)
LUCIE MILLER: Well, it was good while it lasted.
(TAR-MODOWK LEADER laughs.)

LUCIE MILLER: This looks like the end of the concert for us. I'm sorry, Rachel.
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: No Lucie, it is I who should be sorry. You see, I ... I know what's happening here and it's all because of me.
LUCIE MILLER: No. These things are here because of Zimmerman.
TAR-MODOWK: We are here to reclaim what was taken from the Megbanya time ship, that which is ours.
LUCIE MILLER: Yours? It belonged to...
TAR-MODOWK: We are the Tar-Modowk. But we were not always so.

(Fizzing of time whip.)
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Now, leave the time focus and go, or your leader will die.
TAR-MODOWK LEADER: You will not succeed.
THE DOCTOR: Clear the runway!
(Sound of crash-landing of Vortisaurs.)
GORDON DAVIDSON: My compliments to the pilot.
(Walking over.)
THE DOCTOR: Well, quite the reception committee.
GORDON DAVIDSON: Nick, what on earth are you doing?
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Get back, Gordon. Doctor, help me. They mustn't take the focus.
TAR-MODOWK LEADER: It is rightfully ours, stolen from us by you!
GORDON DAVIDSON: Nick, whatever it is, give it back to them.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Shut up, Gordon. You have no idea what this is about.
THE DOCTOR: The Megbanya time circuitry. So that's what's generating the power for the time loop. I thought you said it was lost in the crash.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Doctor, please. I didn't harm Lucie, she's safe.
THE DOCTOR: You knew the focus was here, didn't you? All the while I was imagining Time Agents and external forces imprisoning you. Oh, Zimmerman, I think I finally see what's really going on here.

LUCIE MILLER: What do you mean, you were the Megbanya? How, why, what happened?
TAR-MODOWK: We evolved. For aeons we have been the Tar-Modowk, searching for some trace of our previous existence in the real universe.
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: You poor lost souls.
TAR-MODOWK: But our journey is coming to an end. Soon we will taste life.
LUCIE MILLER: I'm going to get the Doctor.
TAR-MODOWK: You are going nowhere! Your journey ends here, time-traveller. It will taste good to absorb your Time.
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: Close your eyes, Lucie.
(TAR-MODOWK laughs.)
TAR-MODOWK: Give me your Time.

THE DOCTOR: Release him, Zimmerman.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: But Doctor...
THE DOCTOR: Do it, if you want my help.
TAR-MODOWK LEADER: So, Doctor, do you wish to help this criminal?
THE DOCTOR: The Tar-Modowk have killed innocent people here today. Whether that relic is yours or not, there are laws. I cannot let that go unpunished.
TAR-MODOWK LEADER: And what do you suppose will happen next?
THE DOCTOR: Simple. I deactivate the time focus and you leave without it.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: No!
TAR-MODOWK LEADER: Never.
THE DOCTOR: But of course to do that I'd need my sonic screwdriver. Isn't that right, Gordon?
GORDON DAVIDSON: What? Oh, yes. I see exactly what you mean, Doctor...
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Doctor, I can't allow you to break the loop.
THE DOCTOR: Nick, I have to. I know now what you've done and I understand why but...
(NICK ZIMMERMAN cry.)
THE DOCTOR: Gordon!
(Thump, cry by NICK ZIMMERMAN.)
GORDON DAVIDSON: I'm sorry, Nick.
THE DOCTOR: Well done, Gordon. Quickly, the sonic screwdriver.

GORDON DAVIDSON: Yes, yes. Catch.
(Thrown over.)
THE DOCTOR: Thank you, Inspector Davidson.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: No, Doctor. I beg you.
TAR-MODOWK LEADER: What is that?
THE DOCTOR: This? This is your return ticket.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: No!
(Sonic screwdriver operated. Humming sound fades. Running off.)
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Rachel. Rachel!
THE DOCTOR: Gordon, go after him. Go after him, Gordon, he needs you.
GORDON DAVIDSON: I'm on the case, Doctor.
(Rushing off. Strange effect like howling wind.)
TAR-MODOWK LEADER: What is happening?
THE DOCTOR: Party's over, I'm afraid.
(TAR-MODOWK LEADER cry.)

RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: Wait. Lucie, something's wrong.
LUCIE MILLER: You're right. Hold onto me, Rachel. Looks like someone's set the machine on suck rather than blow.
(TAR-MODOWK LEADER cry.)
TAR-MODOWK LEADER: What is this? The interstice is closing. No...!
(Cry as though it is fading away, then silence.)
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: Oh, thank the Lord.
LUCIE MILLER: Yes, and the Time Lord, if I know my Doctor.
(Running over.)
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Rachel, are you all right?
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: I'm okay, I'm okay.
GORDON DAVIDSON: Rachel, Rachel.
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: Gordon, Lucie ... could Nick and I have a moment alone?
LUCIE MILLER: Of course.
(Walking off.)
LUCIE MILLER: This way, Flash.
GORDON DAVIDSON: Flash? Oh, I get it. Yes, ha-ha, very funny.
(Walking after her.)
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Rachel, are you...?
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: Hush now darling. It's all right. I know. I know what you did with that time travel machinery. But it's over, Nick. It's over.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Rachel, please. It can't be over. I can't let you go.
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: Shh now. Hold me.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Oh, Rachel.

(Walking.)
GORDON DAVIDSON: Rachel's dying, you know. No more remissions.
LUCIE MILLER: I know. That's why Zimmerman ... Nick set up a time loop - to keep her alive. He trapped himself with her forever, one eternal evening, together in perpetuity. He must really love her.
GORDON DAVIDSON: He does, and so do I. My big sister.
LUCIE MILLER: But the loop's broken now. Rachel's going to...
GORDON DAVIDSON: No, I know.
LUCIE MILLER: I'd better find the Doctor. I reckon he'll be wanting to be off soon. Will you be all right?
GORDON DAVIDSON: Me? Oh, I'll survive. I always do.
LUCIE MILLER: Well, it was nice to meet you, Gordon.
GORDON DAVIDSON: It was nice to meet you too, Miss. Say goodbye to the Doctor for me.
LUCIE MILLER: I will. Goodbye, Gordon. Flash.
(Kiss.)
GORDON DAVIDSON: Oh.
(Walking off.)

NICK ZIMMERMAN: (sobbing) Rachel, I thought I was ... doing the right thing.

RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: You have to accept it. I have. You have to let me go. My sunshine. No more lies, Nick. No more lies.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Oh, Rachel, I'm so sorry.
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: It's okay. Shh, shh. It's okay.
(NICK ZIMMERMAN sobs while trying to say sorry.)
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: It's okay. Shh.
NICK ZIMMERMAN: Sorry...
RACHEL ZIMMERMAN: Shh.
(RACHEL ZIMMERMAN hums the Hungarian tune.)

(Walking.)
LUCIE MILLER: I wonder if I'll ever love somebody that much.
HEADHUNTER: Well, well, well.
LUCIE MILLER: (gasp.) You made me jump.
HEADHUNTER: You have no idea what I've been through to find you, Lucie Miller.
LUCIE MILLER: Sorry, do I know you?
HEADHUNTER: We've never met before.
(Laser bolt. LUCIE MILLER gasps. Body falls.)
HEADHUNTER: But a friend of mine would very much like to meet you.
(TARDIS dematerialisation.)

(TARDIS interior. Door opened, closed, walking inside.)
THE DOCTOR: Where has that girl got to? Typical, she knows I can't leave without her, so she's making me wait.
(The Cloister Bell starts to toll.)
THE DOCTOR: The Cloister Bell? But the time loop is broken, the Tar-Modowk have gone. Oh no. Lucie?
(Door opened.)
THE DOCTOR: Lucie? Where are you, Lucie? Lu ... *Lucie!*